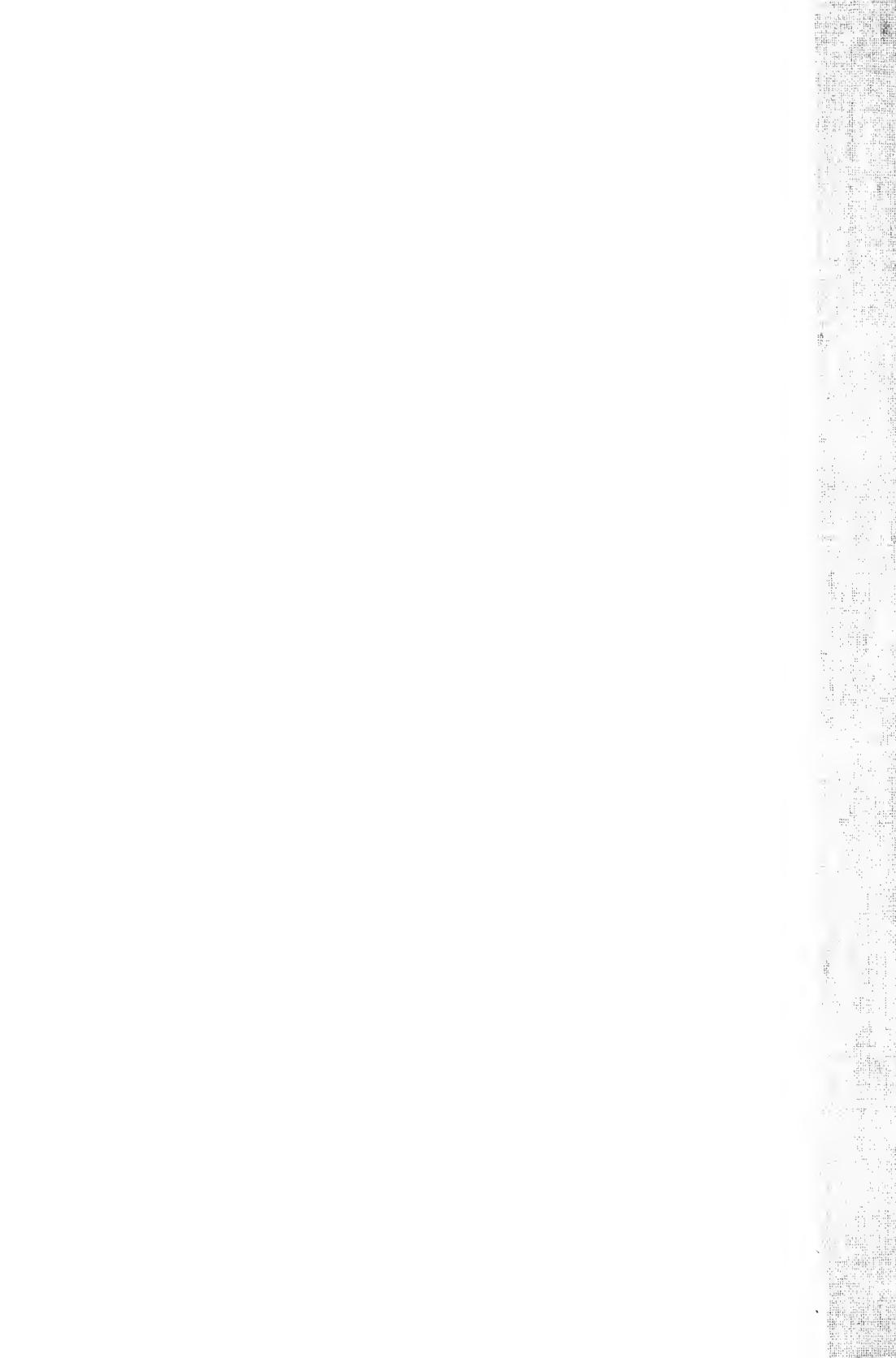


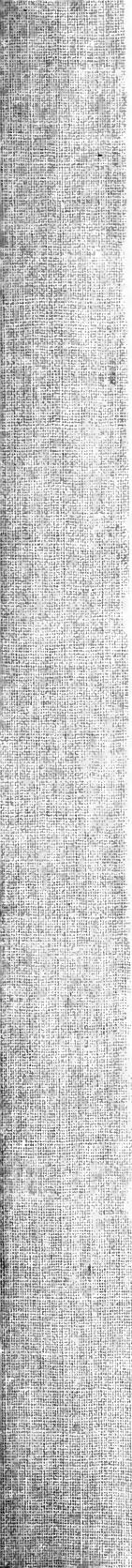
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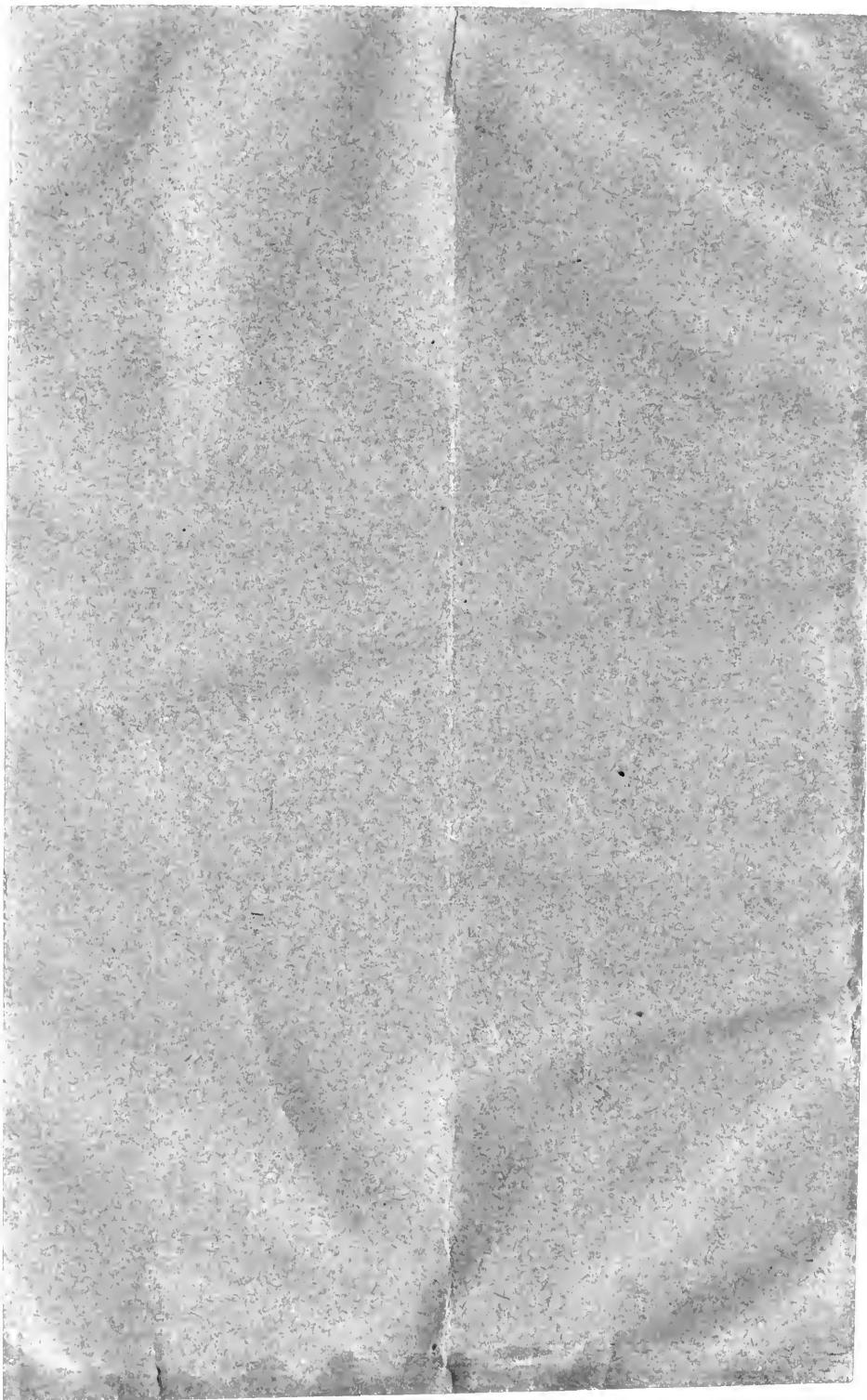
Humane Advocate

APRIL, 1907

THE BLUEBIRD.

Listen a moment, I pray you; what was
that sound that I heard?
Wind in the budding branches, the ripple
of brooks, or a bird?
Hear it again; above us! and see a flutter
of wings!
The bluebird knows it is April, and soars
toward the sun and sings.
Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you
blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing water, the patter
of spring's sweet rain.
The voice of the winds, the sunshine, the
fragrance of blossoming things,
Ah! you are an April poem, that God has
dowered with wings!

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BAND OF MERCY—HAVANA, CUBA.
(See page 87).

Humane Advocate

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 6.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY JOHN T. DALE.

Says the gentle Cowper, the poet of humanity:

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and
fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

There is something, even in the thought of torturing a dumb creature, which is inexpressibly revolting. It cannot explain or reason or expostulate, and if it shows any resistance to the fury of the human brute inflicting the injury the cruelty is redoubled and the outrage prolonged and aggravated. Man is placed on the earth to have dominion over all things; but this power is a trust, and, like all other trusts, a day of reckoning will come in which an account must be rendered by man of all that is committed to him. The cruel persons who use this power to inflict needless pain on the dumb creatures under their charge can but reasonably expect that "what measures they mete shall be measured to them again." There is another important phase of this subject to be considered, and that is, the waste and

loss incurred by cruelty to animals. Thousands of people make themselves poorer from this cause and richly deserve it. A teamster or expressman has his capital in his team; but from overloading, want of proper care and feeding, or from cruel violence, he incapacitates it for work, and a heavy loss is the result. The farmer leaves his stock without shelter, or starves, or overworks them, and so loses a horse in the busy season, or a cow when his family need it, and suffers a loss which weeks of hard work will not replace. The cruel man thus finds a speedy retribution for his brutality in its result to his pocket. It pays to be merciful, as it pays to do what is right in all things. A man who is truly just and merciful will carry out the principle of justice and mercy wherever he is, and will be considerate of the comfort of everything in his keeping.

Rowland Hill said he would not give anything for a man's Christianity whose horse could not perceive a difference in him.

Said Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England: "I have always

esteemed it a part of my duty to be merciful to my beasts, and it has always been my practice."

Channing, the gifted divine, thus relates an event in his childhood which influenced his whole life: "Thanks to my stars, I can say that I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have; they receive it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty. I can remember an incident in my childhood which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done I would run home for some bread and sit by the nest to see them eat for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass around the nest was red with blood. The little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on the tree and the father on the wall, mourning for their young."

Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens were passionately fond of their dogs, and Bayard Taylor, in his beautiful poem, "The Arab to His Horse," reveals his kindness of heart for animals. He once related this incident. "A distinguished English poet told me that he was once walking in the country with Canon Kingsley, when they passed a lodge where an immense and fierce mastiff, confined by a long chain, rushed out upon him. They were just beyond his reach, but the chain did not seem secure; the poet

would have hurried past, but Kingsley, laying a hand upon his arm, said: 'Wait a moment and see me subdue him!' Thereupon he walked up to the dog, who, erect upon his hind feet, with open jaws and glaring eyes, was the embodiment of animal fury. Kingsley lifted his hand, and quietly said: 'You have made a mistake; you must go back to your kennel!' The dog sank down upon his fore feet, but still growled angrily; the canon repeated his words in a firm voice, advancing step by step as the dog gave way. He continued speaking grave reproof, as to a human being, until he had forced the mastiff back into his kennel, where the latter silently and, perhaps, remorsefully lay down."

Would that all mothers would display the same wisdom in the early training of their children as did the mother of Theodore Parker. He thus speaks of his boyhood and the precious lesson of mercy that was taught him. He says: "I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile, for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example: but all at once something checked my little arm and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion till the turtle had vanished from sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that had told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron and, taking me in her arms, said: 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you

turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice."

What an example is this for those careless mothers who, without intending to be cruel, see their children inflict the most brutal torments on dumb animals, without so much as lifting their voice in reproof or displeasure. Think you that it is by chance that the bosoms of these mothers are often torn with anguish at the cruel heartlessness of those children in later years, which had its development and growth in their cruelty to animals?

Prof. David Swing uttered these brave words: "It ill becomes us to inflict tortures upon the helpless man or the helpless brute. We cannot do this and still claim any of the honors of true manhood. Let us see our world in ever newer and fairer colors. Why are we here unless we can make our race better by our sojourn? Let us break up these hiding places of cruelty with which our earth abounds. Let us, if possible, unite love and mercy in the streets where our dumb brutes toil; let us teach better the man whose ear can draw music from a whip; let us write mercy in the woods where the wild deer runs, mercy in the air where our wild birds fly, and along the city streets, where the tempter has held a sway too terrible and too long. When a cruel driver lashes his horse, it is not a mere incident of the hour not worthy of your notice; it is a link in a chain which binds you and me to all the monsters of the black past, to the Romans who exposed their infants to the beasts of the woods, to those tribes in the desert which cut a steak from an ox without killing the ox, and if we do not break this chain by action and protest it will bind us for-

ever to this long ancestry of shocking deeds. It is high time for us to ponder upon these things, and to wash our hands from this form of guilt, and from all indifference to this form of human error and vice."

That noble apostle of the gospel of mercy, George T. Angell, who has devoted his life to this noble work, thus calls for the aid and co-operation of all those who have a spark of mercy in their natures: "When you see boys robbing birds' nests or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying or tormenting them, tell such boys that all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain as we do, and are perhaps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes; and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak; whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven, who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals—you will have many chances of doing them good. Feed them; give them water; speak kindly to them; try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy it will make you to see them happy. My young friends, every kind act you can do for the weak and defenseless and every kind word you say to them will make you happier, nobler and better; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow your hearts will grow larger and richer to bless the world."

Such words are worthy to be treasured up in every heart and in every home.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

The Illinois Humane Society has fifty fountains which are situated at various places throughout the city of Chicago, along the roadways where heavy truck horses and work horses of all kinds wend their way.

These fountains, silent ministers of mercy, supply fresh running water to man and beast. While the maintenance of these fountains requires the expenditure of much time and money, the Society feels warranted in making such tax on its resources because of the perpetual relief which the fountains offer, especially during the summer months, when the beneficent results cannot be estimated. The importance of having watering places on the streets was apparent early in the history of the Society. After searching for a style of fountain which should be serviceable and economical, simple in construction and practical in every way for city use, the Society designed and adopted the pattern of the fountains in use on our streets at the present time. Then arrangements were made with a big foundry company for the casting of the fountains in lots of ten. After the fountain is cast it is equipped with an aluminum drinking cup, which is stationary, two tin cups fastened by a chain, and brass rods and strainers. The cost of the casting and equipment at the present time amounts to \$65.00 per fountain. To erect a fountain and put it in commission costs about \$60.00 additional, making the cost of our fountain when installed about \$125.00.

The water is turned on in these fountains early in the spring and shut off late in the fall, with the exception of a few that are kept running throughout the year. It entails much care and expense to keep a fountain in operation during the winter, as it is almost impossible to save the pipes

from destruction during the freezing weather, and while the Society would be glad to make the exertion to keep all its fountains in running order during the winter months, the expense of doing so absolutely prohibits it.

The design of this fountain has pleased people so much that many of our fountains have been sent to other cities in this and other States, where they are now in use. There are some in Seattle, and only recently five were forwarded to Oakland, Cal. Pennsylvania has a number and there are many others throughout our neighboring States. A number of fountains are soon to be placed in the city of Elgin, the gift of Levi S. Stowe, deceased, who bequeathed to the Society in his last will and testament the sum of \$500.00, with the request that the money be used to further humane work in Elgin, Ill. It has been determined by the officers of the Society that in no way can the money be used to procure greater, more continuous or more lasting good than by the erection of these living springs of refreshment to tired and thirsty creatures.

Many of these fountains in Chicago have been erected at the request and expense of benevolent people who are specially interested in this branch of the Society's work, and who wish to devote their means to further that end.

When the erection of a fountain is contemplated the first step to be taken is to choose a location and to gain the consent of the adjoining property owners; next, permission must be gained from the city to erect the fountain, to use the water and to make the necessary connections with the city water pipes. The masons and plumbers are then called into service. The mason digs a pit four feet deep (4 feet by 4 ft. 6 in., inside measurements) and builds walls around this

pit of hard burned sewer brick, eight inches thick, laid in Portland cement; the top of the pit is covered with two-inch plank and finished with six-inch concrete; an opening is made into the pit, twenty inches in diameter, which is covered with an iron frame and lid. The masonry finished, the plumber makes the pipe connection, the pipes leading to and from the fountain being controlled by stop and waste cocks, a stop cock to be used solely for regulating the flow of water into the fountain, and the stop and waste cock for shutting off the fountain during the cold weather.

It has frequently happened that fountains erected and put into commission by the Society, or by individuals interested in this branch of the work, have been removed by the Society at the request of the owner of the adjoining property. In such cases the money expended in the erection of the fountain has been, to a greater or less extent, wasted; but the Society, in the erection of its fountains, has to contend with this possibility, and for this reason no permanency in the location of a fountain can be assured.

It seems inexplicable that any injury should be done these fountains, even by the most malevolently disposed person, and yet month after month we are constantly confronted with the necessity of repair work in restoring the fountains.

At one time all the lead pipe connections at the Archer avenue and Twenty-second street fountain were cut out and taken away; another time some ruffian boys completely demolished a fountain at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue by exploding a cannon firecracker under it. It has happened many times that

fountains have been temporarily disabled through the throwing of sticks and stones and papers into the basin, clogging the waste pipe.

We suggest to all people interested in this branch of the work that they co-operate with the Society by keeping a watchful eye on the fountain in their neighborhood and report to the Society anything that may happen or be done to impair its usefulness. If only the vandals of the street could be made to look upon a fountain as a living entity, ministering to the wants of man and beast, giving cheer and refreshment to all living creatures, they would be inspired with respect and reverence rather than ruled by the desire for destruction.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day

From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray—

Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne’er think who made them and
who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught;

Whose habitations in the tree tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven?

“How can I teach you children gentleness
And mercy to the weak and reverence,
For life, which in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God’s Omnipotence?”
—From “Birds of Killingworth,” by
Henry W. Longfellow.

Humane Advocate

Under the Management of

The Illinois Humane Society.

EDITED BY MISS RUTH EWING.

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APRIL, 1907.

WANTED, HELPERS.

The next issue of the HUMANE ADVOCATE will be devoted to an account of the annual meeting of The Illinois Humane Society and a report of the work accomplished during the past year.

The first of May is our New Year's day, the time for balancing of accounts preparatory to turning a new, unwritten page in the record. As a matter of convenience the Society made it a rule to issue its report at a regular time, and for thirty-eight consecutive years, except in 1905, when the report was made in June, the statement of the yearly work has been given to the public in the month of May.

This year the Society has been able to do more and better work than ever before, has extended its scope, enlarged its working force and greatly increased its field and power for usefulness. It will offer as its resumé of the past twelve months the simple record of work done in preference to any account or description of it, this being the most direct, accurate report possible to make. In this way we are dealing with facts rather than fancies; statistics rather than opinions; figures rather than words; concrete work rather than talk.

By far the greater half of humanity is sick at heart over the inhumanities and outrages practiced upon children and animals. Would it not seem a natural, practical, Christian thing if this "greater half" would give of its interest and money to the organizations empowered and equipped to conduct this relief work? This is a public work we are doing. Will the public please help us to do it?

It is not to be supposed that everyone would wish to enlist in active service in humane work, but it is a natural supposition that everyone should be interested in the protection from abuse of little children and dumb animals and the making and enforcing of proper laws for their just treatment. There is no doubt but that this interest is felt. Let it be shown, given expression, in the way of practical co-operation in the work the Humane Societies are doing. This does not mean that we are seeking only princely philanthropy—far from it—though we would be thankful enough to receive a million-dollar endowment.

A million dollars! Think of it and what it would do for this cause. If only some good King Midas would arise and say: Having given generously to hospitals, colleges, medical schools, homes for the friendless, art galleries, museums, libraries, settlement work, manual training schools, national theatres, observatories and institutes for scientific research, I now wish to endow The Illinois Humane Society, a corporation organized for public charity and educational purposes, not for pecuniary profit, believing that by so doing the Society will be enabled to increase the number of its police officers, have more ambulances, place more drinking fountains on the streets, and in various ways so increase its capacity as to make it commensurate with the great public de-

mand for the prevention of cruelty: The matter of affording protection to helpless children and dumb animals—the work of this Society—appealing to me as being just as worthy as any of these other objects.

A contribution of one dollar per year from every individual would finance all the humane societies in the land and every contributor would feel that his investment paid handsome dividends in relief brought and reforms wrought. One dollar! Less than the price of a theatre ticket, and yet an important integral part in maintaining an organization that can rescue little children from vicious environment and save animals from cruel abuse.

Here are some of the things that come to one's attention in a day's experience—one day, mind you—in this work for others: A drunken man staggers into a liquor shop, carrying in his unsteady arms a little boy—scarcely more than a baby—scantly clad and with tear-stained face, pinched with cold and hunger, and great eyes in whose depths the suffering cannot be fathomed. The man plunges into the doorway of the saloon, all but falling on the threshold and disappears behind the screen that would shield vice and shut out decency. A passerby, who has witnessed this sad street scene, asks a policeman for assistance. The officer responds with a willing courtesy that does one good; finds the intoxicated man in the saloon; learns his name and address, which information is given the passerby and carried by him to the Humane Society, whereupon an officer of the Society makes an investigation of the drunkard's home, sees his family and learns of his habits and the condition of things in general, and the child in particular.

After which, whatever may be considered proper legal action, as established by the investigation, is taken.

A teamster stands still in the middle of a thoroughfare and lashes his horse with both his whip and tongue because a portion of the load on his wagon has fallen to the ground, being more than the wagon could accommodate or the horse haul. He reloads and again mounts the wagon, resuming the lashing as he pursues the "uneven temper" of his way. The horse, in a vain effort to do his cruel master's bidding, loses his footing on the wet pavement and goes down.

A freight car stands on a side track in a well-known railroad yard in Chicago, in which crate upon crate of closely-packed chickens and ducks are exposed to the chill of a cold, bleak day. There is "standing room only" for the poor fowls and no provision for food and water. It is learned that for a week past the supply of chickens has far exceeded the demand for them on "market street" and that these poor creatures have suffered all the tortures of neglect and starvation, infinitely worse than death.

A splendid looking bright, bay horse, one of a team attached to a heavily loaded omnibus, is carrying every pound of its share of the weight against a bleeding, mattered sore under the collar.

A young teamster kicks a discouraged looking express horse in the jaw because he pleaded for the last oats in his feed bag and did not lift his head the instant his satanic master "called time." The crime was hunger.

A coal wagon, so overloaded that the three-horse team drawing it can scarcely haul it along, starts out on a five-mile drive on the "road to ruin;"

a violation of the loading ordinance and of all ideas of mercy and justice.

These are but a few of the "kinds and conditions" of things that come to the attention of The Illinois Humane Society every day of the year, and something effective is done in each case.

Will the reader strike the balance and reach his own conclusions as to which side he wishes to be on—the indifferent or interested, the inactive or helpful?

SUGGESTIONS.

Report all cases of cruelty to children and dumb animals to the Society, whether requiring prosecution or not, either in writing or by telephone.

In cases of cruelty to children, give names and residence of child or children, offender or offenders; state nature of cruelty, place where and time when occurring. If names and residence are unknown, give any information available, to enable officers to locate and identify parties.

In cases of cruelty to dumb animals, give name of driver or owner or party offending, and residence, if possible; if unknown, give name or number on vehicle. State nature of cruelty and effect thereof on the animal or animals, also place where and time when occurring, and some description of animal.

Complainants should always give their own names and addresses, so that our officers can interview them in case further information is desired. Names given in confidence are never disclosed.

In cases requiring ambulance, have owner or man in charge of animal, make the request for ambulance, by telephone or otherwise.

THE ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY,
560 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Telephone: Harrison 384.

GREYFRIARS BOBBY.

Many years ago a few friends assembled in the old churchyard of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, to commit to Mother Earth the mortal remains of a comrade, but when all was over and they left, one remained—a little dog, who stationed himself beside the grave of his master never leaving it day or night, except for a little while each day when he went out in search of food. After a few days he was noticed by a butcher who kept a little shop just inside the gate of the churchyard. He watched the dog and soon became so interested that he fed him daily from his shop. And so the weeks, months and years rolled on and still Bobby kept his faithful vigil beside his master's grave. At last a tax was levied by the city on all dogs, and the butcher was called upon to pay for Bobby. He, however, explained that the little dog did not belong to him and how he had been touched by his beautiful fidelity, and had fed him from the refuse from his shop.

The authorities then assumed the ownership of the dog, placed a collar on his neck, and exempted him from taxation, and so Bobby lived on by his master's side for fourteen years, when he died and was buried in the old churchyard. He lies in the center of a lovely bed of flowers, just behind the church, that is annually visited by hundreds of tourists. The old sexton tells the story and shows the collar that is still carefully preserved.

Just outside the gate of the churchyard stands a fountain of clear, pure water for the use of dogs, erected to the memory of faithful Bobby by Baroness Burdette Coutts, the great philanthropist of London. The fountain is surmounted by a statue of Bobby—*Mrs. Julia Coffey*.

HUMANE ADVOCATE CHILDREN'S CLUB.

Way down in Havana, Cuba, the place where the segars come from—and other and better things, too—a Band of Mercy, composed of sixty children of many nationalities, was organized last October by an American woman. This American woman, Mrs. C. C. Ryder, who dearly loves children and animals and justice and mercy as well, has done more than anyone else to interest and instruct the Cuban people in humane work.

This Children's Humane Society has a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and monitor. It is already doing practical work and has become a great influence for good in Havana. In order to become members the children all sign the same pledge that we do in the Humane Advocate Children's Club, namely: "I promise to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel abuse."

Mrs. Ryder teaches these children to love each other, the woods and fields, the flowers and birds, and to call all animals their friends; to speak and act kindly to their playmates and pets; that abuse of innocent, helpless creatures is cruel and cowardly, and that cruelty harms the child who practices it, quite as much as the creature it is practiced upon. These children do not allow their pets to go without food and water and proper care; they do not maul or mistreat them; they try faithfully to prevent other children from neglecting or abusing animals.

They are very careful to be accurate and truthful in their reports of cruelty, never stating anything they may have heard, as something they have seen, and avoiding all exaggeration, taking pains to make their statements reliable.

They are certainly a fine company of little police officers whose duty and

pleasure it is to protect their four-footed friends and uphold their rights.

The picture in the front of this magazine is a reproduction of a photograph taken by Mrs. Ryder herself, a beautiful specimen of the photographer's art, and interesting in every way. The illustration on page 88 was taken by Mrs. Ryder also, and introduces to you two kind-hearted little Cuban lads who are active workers and members of the Band of Mercy, and who would like to have you know their white dog who, in his embarrassment at meeting so many strangers, has turned his face away. Please excuse him—he is a well-meaning but bashful little dog.

What do you say to sending our love and three cheers to Mrs. Ryder and the Children's Humane Society of Havana, whose motto is "Loving Kindness"?

Speaking of children and Bands of Mercy—here is a true incident about a child in one of our Chicago schools, which shows the wholesome influence and good result of becoming a member of a Humane Society.

A little girl noticed a dog crouched in the corner of the school yard nearby by the place where she was playing. Being unaccustomed to dogs and more or less afraid of them, her first impulse was to kick him out, but remembering the pledge she had recently signed and realizing her responsibility to fulfill her promise, she resolutely overcame her fear and walked up to the dog, patted him on the head and tried to find out what his trouble was. She found that one of his toes had been cut or crushed off and that it was an ugly, bleeding wound. Instead of leaving him to lie there helpless and alone, as her first impulse would have led her to do, she picked



CUBAN BOYS AND DOG.

the dog up in her arms and carried him to her home, where she bathed the injured foot carefully in water and made a comfortable bed for him in a quiet spot. Thanks to her gentle nursing the dog got well and is now running about as happy as can be, and we all know what an ennobling influence a tender, helpful action like that will have on that little girl's life, and how much good it will do everyone who reads or hears about her kindness.

The following verses, though not on any humane subject, were written by a ten-year-old grandchild of a Chicago gentleman who for years was president of a society for caring for children, and may interest the readers of the children's club.

They are founded on the actual experience of the wife of a minister in Des Moines, whose house was entered by a burglar in the belief that it was the house of a Pullman car conductor, which the burglar very naturally supposed contained plenty of money:

The following tale is a story true
As told by a minister's wife,
Who, by her wit, at the moment hit
The means of saving her life.

The other night at half past two
I woke up with a start,
And saw a burglar darkly masked,
With a knife above my heart.

Then up I sat within my bed,
And what do you think I did?
I laughed and laughed with all my might,
And all my fear I hid.

These were the very words I said,
You may think they are funny:
"How very strange for you to think
That a minister could have money."

The burglar made a graceful bow
And courteously withdrew:
"I beg your pardon, madam," he said,
"I was not after you."

So now I sleep in tranquil peace,
Not fearing for my life,
For the burglar said to all his gang,
"She is a minister's wife."

GOLD LOCKS' DREAM.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

One sunny day, in the early spring,
Before a bluebird dared to sing,
Cloaked and furred as in winter weather,—
Seal-brown hat and cardinal feather,—
Forth with a piping song
Went Gold Locks "after flowers."
"Tired of waiting so long,"
Said this little girl of ours.

She searched the bare brown meadow over,
And found not even a leaf of clover;
Nor where the sod was chill and wet
Could she spy one tint of violet;
But where the brooklet ran
A noisy swollen billow,
She picked in her little hand
A branch of pussie-willow.

She shouted out, in a happy way,
At the catkins' fur, so soft and gray;
She smoothed them down with loving pats,
And called them her little pussie-cats.
She played at scratch and bite;
She played at feeding cream;
And when she went to bed that night
Gold Locks dreamed a dream.

Curled in a little cosy heap,
Under the bed-clothes, fast asleep,
She heard, althoagh she scarce knew how,
A score of voices "M-e-o-w! m-e-o-w!"
And right before her bed,
Upon a branching tree,
Were kittens, and kittens, and kittens,
As thick as they could be.

Maltese, yellow, and black as ink;
White, with both ears lined with pink;
Striped, like a royal tiger's skin;
Yet all were hollow-eyed and thin;
And each one wailed aloud,
Once, and twice, and thrice:
"We are the willow-pussies;
O, where are the willow-mice?"

Meanwhile, outside, through branch and bough,
The March wind wailed "M-e-o-w!
m-e-o-w!"
Twas dark, and yet Gold Locks awoke,
And softly to her mother spoke:
"If they were fed, mamma,
It would be very nice;
But I hope the willow-pussies
Won't find the willow-mice!"

IN COURT

The original documents in the matter of all cases reported under this heading comprising a few of the cases attended to by the society during the month, are on file at the home office of The Illinois Humane Society.

Some time ago Officer Lawrence Cooney notified the Society that he had stopped a teamster at Roscoe boulevard and North street driving a team attached to a very heavily loaded wagon, one horse (white in color) having its fore legs badly cut and bruised and being extremely sore on its shoulders and neck. The horse was also completely exhausted from overdriving. An officer went immediately from the Society and on examination of the team had the driver arrested, unhitched the team from the wagon and took it to the Town Hall police station and notified the express company to send a man and a team to take care of the wagon.

On the Monday following, Justice Mahoney, the presiding magistrate at the Sheffield avenue police station, imposed a fine of \$25 and costs. The express company took an appeal for the defendant to the criminal court of Cook County, and on March 13, 1907, the case came up for trial on appeal before Judge Pinckney in the criminal court. The defendant waived a jury and the case was tried by the court. Several witnesses testified that on the 25th of August last, they saw the defendant driving a team and examined and knew the condition of the white horse; that it was poor in flesh; overworked almost to the point of exhaustion; had a large sore on its neck under the collar and sores on the shoulders, in which witnesses stated they saw maggots, and cuts on its legs indicating that it had fallen down several times,

hot; that he picked up a load at Sixteenth and Morgan streets which he was hauling to Ravenswood to be delivered; that the load, including the weight of the wagon, was about 6,800 pounds; that it was shortly after noon when he was stopped at Roscoe and North Clark streets, and that he had hauled the load about six miles on arriving at that point; that the horses were not in bad shape; that he had been told by a veterinary surgeon that it would be all right to take these horses out, and that the collar had been fixed so that it would not rest on the sores; that the team was not exhausted and could easily pull the load at the time of the arrest.

The defense then put two veterinaries on the stand to give expert testimony. They both testified that they saw the team on the afternoon of the same day at the police station; that the sores on the white horse were in a healthy condition; that no part of the collar or harness rested on these sores; that there were no cuts on the legs of the white horse; that it weighed about 1,300 pounds, and was not poor in flesh, and that there was no reason why the horse should not be worked, as it did not suffer any pain. Judge Pinckney attached little weight to the expert testimony, saying that the testimony of everyday citizens as to what comes under their actual observation was to his mind far better than the opinion of an expert. He said that it was a shame that a large express company should send a horse out to be worked

The defendant stated that the day was that was in the condition of the white horse. He also said that he, himself, had been brought up on a farm, knew something about sore shoulders and sores, and had no doubt that the sores on the white horse were infested with maggots at the time, as stated by witnesses, notwithstanding the denial of the experts that such could be the case. He fined the defendant \$25.00 and costs, sustaining the action of the court below. The fine and costs were paid by the express company.

While standing at the corner of Clark street and Evanston avenue on the 6th of February, an officer of the Society saw a team, attached to a heavily loaded express wagon, being overdriven while on its way to Evanston. The officer stopped the team and asked the driver why he was running his horses so hard when the load was so heavy. The driver stated that he had two stops to make on the way to Evanston and that it was necessary to make up time. He also said that it was none of the officer's business, and then started on. The officer ordered the driver off his wagon and then went to a police patrol box and called the wagon. At the same time he notified the company to send another driver to take charge of its wagon and horses. The driver was taken to the Sheffield avenue police station, where he remained until the following day, when he was called before Judge Himes and fined \$3 and costs, the fine being lessened on the promise of the driver to think more of his horses than of himself and his time in the future.

Animal record, 71; case 217.

It was reported to the Society that a family consisting of a mother,

father, and three children, the oldest of which was only four years of age, were living in an unheated basement on East Ohio Street, in destitute circumstances; that the parents were intoxicated, and the children were without food.

On calling at this place, our officer found the mother and the children and learned that the father was not at home, but was engaged in work for a certain express company. The woman was in an intoxicated condition at the time.

A few days later our officer, together with two probation officers, made another call on this family and found the mother in bed under the influence of liquor. The basement was in a filthy condition, and the children showed every sign of criminal neglect. The mother and the three children were taken to the police station in the patrol wagon, and a warrant was then sworn out for the arrest of the father and mother, charging them with disorderly conduct.

The case was called the same day at two o'clock before Judge Himes, who severely reprimanded both parents, and dismissed them, giving the youngest child, a baby seven months old, into the custody of the mother, and the two older children into the care and keeping of Mrs. Skinner, probation officer of the district. The two older children were taken into the Juvenile Court, where a few days later, Judge Mack entered an order compelling the father to pay half his salary over to the probation officer for the support of his wife and family, in default of which he was to be sent to the House of Correction for one year. The mother and children were then sent to the Home of the Friendless.

Children Record 57; Case 718.

OUR FORTY ARTICLES OF FAITH.

We Believe It to Be Our Duty:

TO STOP:

1. Cruelty to children; to rescue them from vicious influences and remedy their condition.
2. The cruel beating of animals.
3. Dog fights.
4. Overloading horse cars.
5. Overloading teams.
6. The abuse of overhead check reins.
7. Over-driving.
8. Docking, nicking and other mutilation of horses.
9. Mutilating dogs' ears and tails.
10. Under feeding.
11. Neglect of shelter for animals.
12. Bagging cows.
13. Cruelties on railroad stock trains.
14. Bleeding calves.
15. Plucking live fowls.
16. The clipping of horses.
17. Driving galled and disabled animals.
18. Tying calves' and sheep's legs.

TO INTRODUCE:

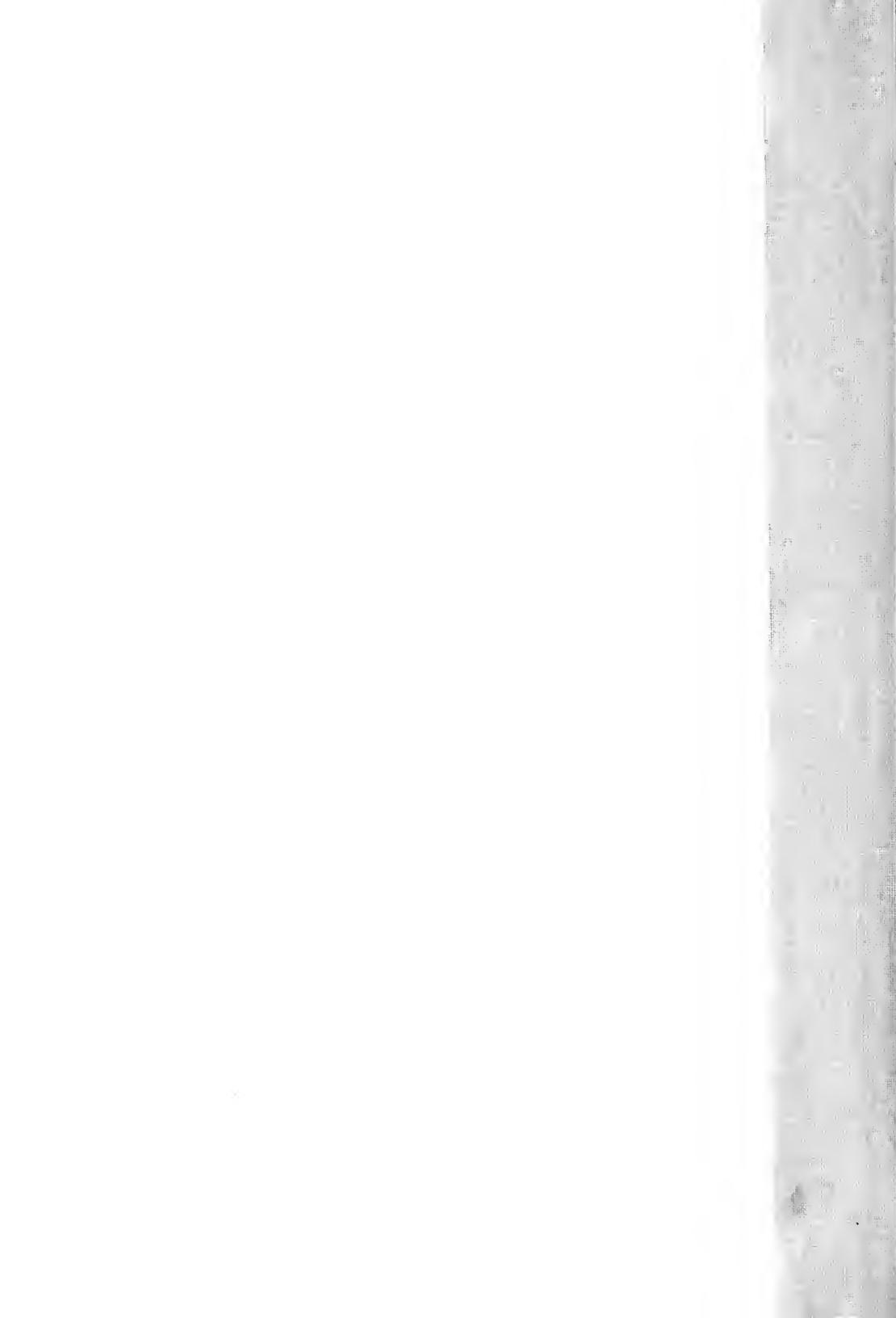
19. Better roads and pavements.
20. Better methods of slaughtering.
21. Better methods of horseshoeing.
22. Improved cattle cars.
23. Drinking fountains.
24. Humane literature in schools and home.

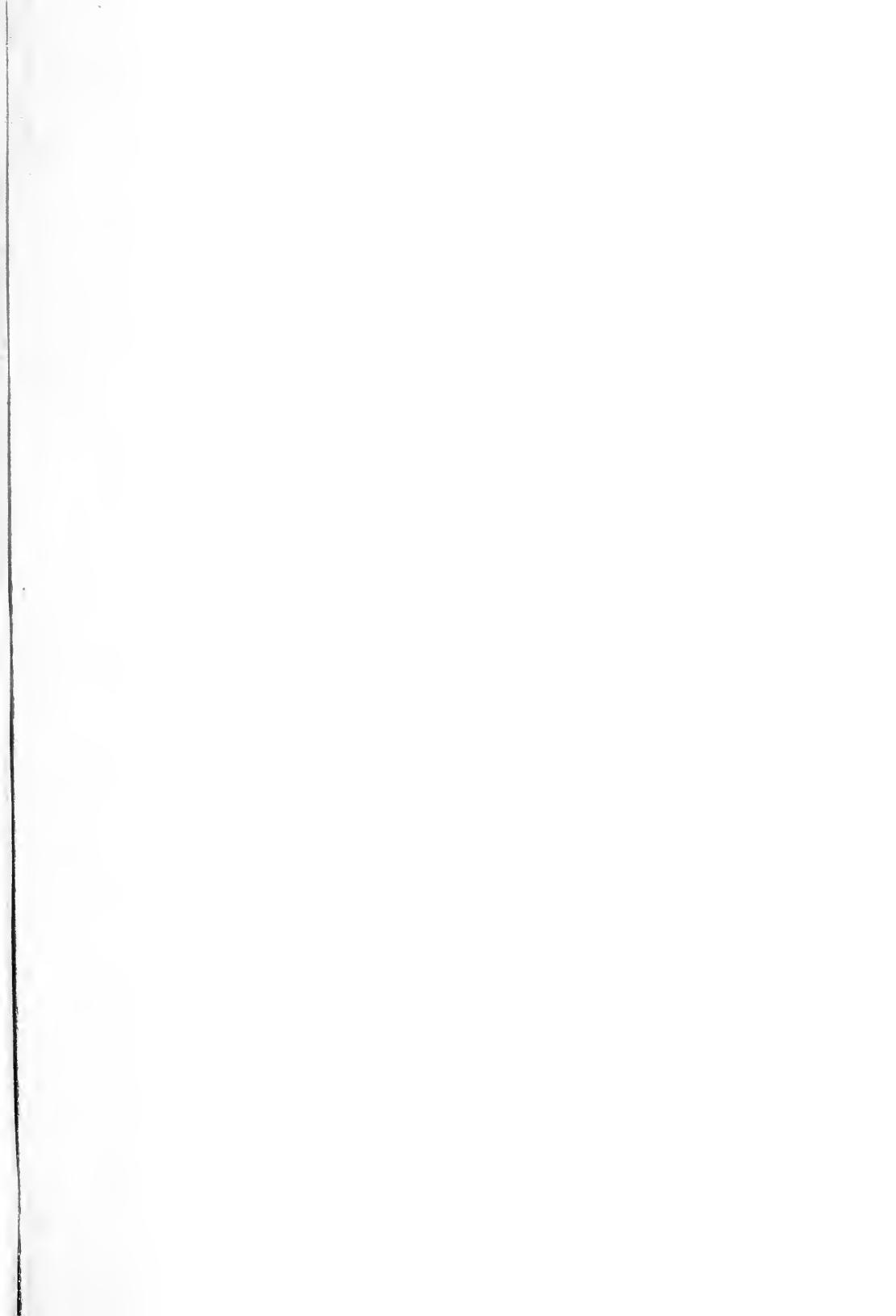
TO INDUCE:

25. Children to be humane.
26. Teachers to teach kindness to animals.
27. Clergymen to preach it.
28. Authors to write it.
29. Editors to keep it before the people.
30. Drivers and trainers of horses to try kindness.
31. Owners of animals to feed regularly.
32. People to protect insectivorous birds.
33. Boys not to molest birds' nests.
34. Men to take better care of stock.
35. Everybody not to sell the old family horse to peddlers.
36. People of all states to form Humane Societies.
37. Men to give money to forward this good cause.
38. Women to interest themselves in this noble work.
39. People to appreciate the intelligence and virtues of animals.
40. And generally to make men, women and children more humane, and therefore better.

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